

Temperance Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

CONDITIONS IN KANSAS.

"Have you noticed the 'Appalling Conditions in Kansas'?" says the Topeka Capital.

"Well, if you haven't, the brewers have. It is awful. The publicity agent of the Wholesale Liquor Dealers' association in 1916, serial No. 12, lays bare all the details. And awful is no name for it. The state is a regular shambles, as a result of prohibition. Infanticide is a popular sport, fall and summer. No baby's life is safe in Kansas, the publicity expert has learned. Relatives thirst for the lives of the little ones. Dirt, destitution and disease prevail. Flashily dressed lassies prowl the streets in droves in search of their prey, and no man is safe."

The Capital goes on to quote some of the scare headlines of the Liquor Men's publicity serial and concludes: "Kansas might as well face the proposition squarely. Any attempts at improvement made in the state, no matter along what lines, will be seized upon by the liquor interests to show that the conditions existing in the state are 'appalling' and the 'appalling' is due entirely to prohibition. It is understood the next serial issued will explain how it was that the prairie fires in western Kansas were due to the state prohibitory amendment. You may not see the connection, but the bright young man employed as publicity agent for the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' association won't miss it. Not he. He is going to show up in all its abysmal horror the awful fate that has overtaken Kansas because it tried to shut out that safeguard of the home and savior of the nation, intoxicating liquor."

AS GERMAN-AMERICANS SEE IT.

"On the train this morning I rode down with a German acquaintance," said a Nebraska man from the South Platte country. "In the course of our talk I asked him the usual question: 'How about prohibition?' 'I'll go dry by a majority of 5,000 to 10,000,' was his answer. 'What makes you think so?' I asked. 'I'll tell you,' he said. 'I was born in the old country. Over there and over here I have always taken a drink whenever I felt like it. I never drank to excess, and I never could see any harm in the moderate use of liquor such as I and my friends were accustomed to. But the trouble is that our sons have gotten away from the old customs. To speak plainly, they drink to excess. We Germans despise drunkenness just as much as you Americans despise it. When we see our sons degrading themselves in this way we decide to call a halt. The only way to do this is to blot out the American saloon. I am going to vote dry next fall, and my neighbors are going to vote dry with me.'"

ON CONFISCATION.

One of the arguments against prohibition is that it confiscates property. It has been well pointed out that this argument overlooks the fact that prohibition does not take from the brewers, distillers and saloon keepers a foot of ground that they own or a single brick out of any of their buildings. They have their property just as they had it before, but they cannot use it for the same purpose. However, there are other purposes for which it can be used. When the saloon is driven out the building can be used for the sale of things that are helpful, and the buildings now used for distilleries and breweries can be utilized for other business enterprises, as they have been in states that have adopted prohibition, with distinct profit to the property owners.

WANTED, CONVICTS!

Warden Talcott of the North Dakota penitentiary was recently summoned as a witness before the United States senate committee which is investigating charges of attempts to fix the prices of fibers used in the manufacture of twine. The warden told a hard-luck story about the difficulty of getting convict labor. He testified that the prohibition law of the state was so effective that they did not have enough convicts to operate the penitentiary twine plant.

BAR IS A NUISANCE.

"There is not a hotel manager in New York," recently said one who manages about the largest hotel this city has, "but would be glad to abolish the bar if he could." And he further declared, "Hotel managers would be glad to see prohibition in force, so far at least as it affects our business, as the bar is nothing to us but a nuisance and embarrassment and a decided liability."

FARMERS PREFER DRY TOWN.

Three hundred and twenty-four farmers who trade in Kewanee, Ill., presented a petition to the business men of that town asking them to keep out the saloons. The Kewanee Star-Courier published the entire list of 324 names on its first page.

REFUSE LIQUOR ADS.

There are 340 daily newspapers published in the English language within the United States that publicly refuse to accept liquor advertisements, and the list is lengthening.



Prince Albert gives smokers such delight, because

—its flavor is so different and so delightfully good;
—it can't bite your tongue;
—it can't parch your throat;
—you can smoke it as long and as hard as you like without any comeback but real tobacco happiness!

On the reverse side of every Prince Albert package you will read:

"PROCESS PATENTED JULY 30TH, 1907"

That means to you a lot of tobacco enjoyment. Prince Albert has always been sold without coupons or premiums. We prefer to give quality!

PRINCE ALBERT

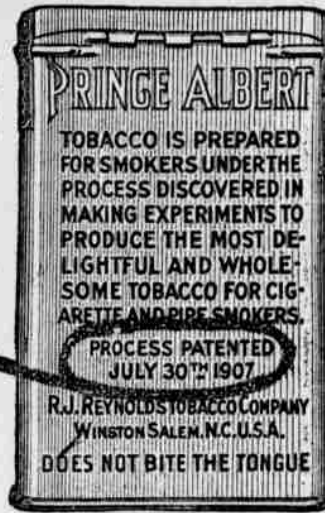
the national joy smoke

in goodness and in pipe satisfaction is all we or its enthusiastic friends ever claimed for it!

It answers every smoke desire you or any other man ever had! It is so cool and fragrant and appealing to your smokeappetite that you will get chummy with it in a mighty short time!

Will you invest 5c or 10c to prove out our say-so on the national joy smoke?

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.



This is the reverse side of the Prince Albert tin. Read this "Patented Process" message-to-you and realize what it means in making Prince Albert so much to your liking.

FARMERS SIZE UP HUGHES AS "PRETTY GOOD FELLOW"

Fargo, N. D.—Charles E. Hughes campaigned for the first time among the sturdy farmers of the eastern part of North Dakota and left behind him the reputation of being a "pretty good fellow."

He was forced to undergo a critical scrutiny before the verdict was given. Mr. Hughes preached the doctrines of government efficiency, Americanism, tariff as protection to the farmers and preparedness, and in each instance won applause, despite the fact that the farmers are not the strongest advocates of the last named issue.

They cheered for preparedness the loudest when Mr. Hughes told them that it meant not militarism, but ability to uphold national honor.

As they cheered for Mr. Hughes one broad shouldered old farmer said, "It's because there's something about him that makes you believe he's telling the truth."

ATTRACTS BUSINESS MEN.

Mr. Hughes has not tried to scare anybody, but has merely portrayed the errors of the present administration and set forth certain principles on which the affairs of the country should be managed in the future.

There is a political logic in his portrayal, the culmination of which in the mind of the voter is expressed by the frequent remark:

"He is the kind of man we want to steer us through."

This has been said by many a business man. The qualities seen in Mr. Hughes are poise, a strong, sane mind, sincerity and a willingness to sacrifice life, physical or political, to the good of the country. Nor is there any question as to the quality of nerve to meet the emergencies of the four years beginning March 4, 1917.

THE RIGHTS OF AMERICAN CITIZENS DO NOT STOP AT THE COAST LINE.

"When I say that I am an American citizen I ought to say the proudest thing that any man can say in this world. But you can't have that pride of American citizenship if it is a cheap thing. If it is not worthy of protection this wide world over. There is no man who could successfully present to an American community the platform that an American citizen's rights stop at the coast line and that beyond that American life is to be the prey of any marauder who chooses to take it."—From a Speech of Mr. Hughes in the West.

Excellent Reason.

Another reason why one child is not enough for a family is that when it grows up the father has two bosses in the family and the mother and the kid have none.—Houston Post.

Remember, this paper is \$1.25 a year

POLITICAL JOTTINGS.

At that, however, from beginning to end this has been more of a "you kick me and I'll kiss you" administration.

Vance McCormick says the Progressives are stampeding to Wilson, and it's a ten to one bet he wishes he could believe it.

The Democrats are finding out that pork comes home to roost out their standing.

The men and women who prefer a man who does things to a man who writes notes about them will vote for Hughes. Government by correspondence takes too long to get anywhere, but government by deeds is always on the job.

Those who are concerned to know what Mr. Hughes would have done had he been in Mr. Wilson's place may rest assured he would not have done as Mr. Wilson has. And that is answer enough.

Mr. Hughes is not only going direct to the public, but the public is going direct to him. A genuine American fifty-fifty!

President Wilson's alarm clock is ringing at 5 o'clock these mornings. He can reach out of bed and turn it off the morning of March 5.

Postmaster General Burleson is too foxy a politician to adopt for his department the McAdoo rule forbidding treasury department employees participating in politics. Mr. Burleson realizes that postmasters are entitled to some exercise for the money.

There are no strings or mental reservations to the public pledges of administrative reform given by Charles E. Hughes. His record as governor of New York guarantees the fulfillment of every promise.

Democrats are now convinced that Charles Evans Hughes is a warm proposition.

It is gratifying, indeed, to find that Mr. Wilson still stands on the suffrage question where he stood at the beginning of his administration. He has changed on about everything else.—Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

Mr. Hughes says there should be firm dealing in Mexican affairs. May be so, but we have had enough of the firm of Wilson, Carranza & Co.

According to the week's latest work of fiction, the Democratic campaign book, the wage earners of the country received during the Wilson administration \$3,000,000,000 more than they received under Taft. And all it cost them to keep something in the dinner pail was \$6,000,000,000 more.

Dessert Spoon's Lament.

"I think it's real mean!" sobbed the Dessert Spoon. "Here they're going to have rice pudding for dinner to-night, and I've got to go upstairs to give Jack his cod-liver oil. Ugh!"

50c. pays for this paper six months

PRETTY GIRLS AND OTHERS

After All, the One Who is "Nice" is Apt to Be the Most Popular With Everybody.

We all know the old joke of the pretty girl who is presented as saying to the homely girl, "It's too bad not to be good-looking, isn't it?" and the homely girl's response: "Yes, because one has to be nice, and that's hard; did you every try it?"

Of course we enjoy the reply, especially as we know how much greater the impression that is made by being nice, the Milwaukee Journal observes. The pretty girl who doesn't think this necessary is away behind the homely girl who has really learned to be what we describe so satisfactorily and indefinitely by the word "nice."

But do we ever think of this as one of the definite accomplishments of life that can be acquired, not so easily perhaps as a knowledge of algebra or history, but just as surely? Every day we meet someone, often several persons, whose lives exemplify the beauty of being nice. Very soon we learn to know them and we are ready almost without thinking to go a little out of the way to see that we do meet them.

They are not all homely girls; some of them are pretty, and many of them aren't girls at all. Most of them always seem to be "nice" by nature. But anyone with an atom of justice in his reasoning knows that at some time and probably often, there has come to these persons who make life brighter the question, "Does it pay?" Maybe they never really proved that it did. That doesn't matter so much, for they have kept on with the cheery look, the pleasant greeting, the friendliness and graciousness that are the world's greatest joy bringers. And that is enough to make them far better remembered and far more beloved than if they had been named the reigning beauties of their day.

LAZIEST OF ALL THE BIRDS

Feathered "Weary Willie" Sleeps All Day and Absolutely Refuses to Go After Food.

Laziest of birds is the frogmouth. He sleeps all day, and instead of flying about in search of food he sits still on a limb and literally waits for the insects to come and feed him. He's such a sound sleeper that you can knock him off his perch with a club and he'll not wake up. He inhabits the islands of the Indian ocean and Australia.

He's about the size of the whippoorwill and gets his name from his wide mouth, which also serves as his insect trap. Too lazy to fly for his food, like other birds, he crawls along the limb of a tree, opening his wide mouth and snapping it shut, catching what flies and gnats come within his range.

At night he's found perched with his mate on the roofs of houses, on fences or stumps. Only after the sun goes down does he show any inclination to move about. All day he sits, feet glued to the limb of a gum tree, indifferent to rain, tropical sun or the call of the woods.

One species of frogmouth has tufts of hair rising from the top of his head like ears.

Birds Cannot Understand Glass.

It has been frequently noticed that no wild bird can understand the properties of glass, and great numbers, ranging in size from a pheasant to a titmouse, are killed by flying against the windows of country houses.

If a room possesses a large mirror reflecting the view seen through an open window birds are particularly liable to be deceived, and especially if frightened into thinking that they can fly through it.

Sparrow hawks will sometimes chase their intended victims into strange places. Some years ago a member of this species pursued a small bird through the open window of a railway carriage in motion. In its blind determination to secure the panting fugitive it entangled its claws in the meshes of the hat rack and was ignominiously slain by an astonished passenger with an umbrella.

Before and After.

The members of the club were telling yarns when a quiet man in the corner was asked to contribute. "Well," said he, "I once entered a restaurant where they weigh you before eating and then after eating, and then charge you by weight. I got a good feed and was charged five shillings. The next time I went I took in my pocket bricks, weights, old iron and such like. I was weighed and then went upstairs and had a banquet three times as big as the last. After getting rid of the ballast I went down and was weighed again, but they couldn't make it out."

He paused.

"Couldn't make what out?" asked the club members.

"Why," answered the quiet man, "they owed me four-and-tuppence."—London Tit-Bits.

Peer Hubby.

The young bride was doing the family marketing for the first time. She stopped at the fish stall and looked over the array of sea food.

"All perfectly fresh, mam'am," said the dealer, ingratiatingly.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed the bride. "That's what everybody says. I wish I could find some stale fish. You see, my husband has indigestion, and the doctor won't even let him eat fresh bread. I'm sure fresh fish would be even worse for him."

A Challenge to Any Man, or Combination of Men.

CAMBRIDGE, Vt., Aug. 28, 1916.

Mr. Editor:—

What have the voters of Vermont to consider in preparation for their choice for U. S. Senator to be voted for at the primary Sept. 12, 1916? The only important issue is, Who is the best man that Vermont has for the place? Let us use plain and pertinent language for it is a plain and pertinent duty every voter in the state has a right to and should exercise in casting his vote.

Now there are three men asking for your suffrage—C. S. Page, Charles W. Gates and Allen M. Fletcher. I am not going to say a word against any one of these men. Any and every man in the state has a right to aspire for any office in the gift of the people and every man who is ambitious for a place that depends upon a choice to be made by his fellows should rely upon his own individual self and not try to placate his own ambition by destroying the reputation of others in line.

There is a manly way of being a man, even in politics, and the same politics will allow a man to be decidedly mean and to this trait of the game there is no limit.

There are very few men who have been before the world for fifty years in a business capacity but what some scavenger of public or private censure can find something that pleases their disposition and that they think will tickle and effect public sentiment. Such men are always to be found, wearing a skull cap of scandal and always ready to disinter any skeleton, recreate the same, and present it to the public, clothed and adorned with all the embellishments of modern methods, fed by a natural desire to see something fall and smell something nauseating, a sort of a self constituted prosecuting atty. with an abnormal desire to do something mean. There are lots of opportunities for this kind of gormands, but there is nothing so peculiarly adapted to their tastes as a political opportunity.

Well, the game is on and Senator Page is the apple-tree that this class of shifters are casting their clubs at. Why, because he is in the inside looking out, while the other fellow is on the outside looking in. As I have intimated in business transactions the man that has never called down the censure of any of his fellows is not much of a man, as the world runs,—now censure is just as liable to be wrong as right, and sometimes more so,—and for the purposes of this communication I am going to eliminate Senator Page from all criticism in connection with his business transactions and leave that to those who make it their business to go up and down the world, walking to and fro in it, resurrecting old settled and decayed matter, and come to that which is pertinent for present purposes.

C. S. Page has a legitimate ambition to succeed himself as U. S. Senator, * * * I am dealing with him now as a public man, at this time U. S. Senator,—and presume to make the following challenges, to the voters of Vermont and Senators of the U. S.:

During all his life time as a public official I challenge any man to pronounce and make good a single instance in which he has not been true to his Oath of Office.

I challenge the Republican Party to make fact to a single instance wherein he has been disloyal to or denied his Party or refused to support his party's nominee.

I challenge any man to make good any instance in which he has been discourteous, or neglected to respond to any call made upon him in his official capacity.

I challenge any man or combination of men to cite a single public proposition that has been brought before any legislative body that admitted his attention, deliberation and action, that he has not given the same thought, advocacy, support and vote that received the approval of his State, party and all fair minded thinking men.

I challenge any man to sustain an acquisition against him in connection with any public official, elective trust, representing the people that he has not vindicated their confidence by his ability, industry and fearlessness.

I challenge the State of Vermont to suggest to the Electorate a man better qualified to succeed himself than him.

These challenges stand open for acceptance and reply until the 12th day of Sept., 1916, when the voters will decide the challenges have not been disappointed. For Fifty Years a Republican Voter.

Food Variety.

It is a self-evident fact that the human body demands variety, and each meal should be planned to include one muscle-making (protein) food, one or two starch (carbohydrate) foods, one bulky food, and one mineral food, one fat, and one liquid.

Neatly Put.

A little girl was learning the Golden Text for the next Sunday's lesson. Closing the book, she began, "Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging, and—ah, and ah," when her little sister, who was at play, but had partially caught the words, thinking to help her out, said, "And whosoever is seated nearby is not wise."

Impressed Lesson on Him.

"What did your father whip you for last night?" asked one small boy of another. "Oh, we had an argument about my Sunday school lesson, and he was trying to prove to me that the whale actually did swallow old man Jonah."